



VENEZUELAN NEGOTIATIONS SUDDENLY STOPPED.

Minister Andrade Prevented from Sailing to the United States.

Roused by ex-Minister Michelena, Who Says the Protocol Is "Worthless."

By Nephew King.

Caracas, Venezuela, via Hayti, Dec. 10.—Senor Andrade, the Venezuelan Minister to the United States, was to leave to-day for Washington with the Cabinet's approval of the Guiana boundary arbitration treaty, but his departure was suddenly stopped.

The interpretation put upon this move is that public opinion has conquered and that Venezuela will withhold her consent to the arrangement entered into between Secretary Olney and Lord Salisbury for the settlement of the dispute between this country and Great Britain, thus nullifying all the work that culminated in this treaty.

Bitter Comments Made by Press and Public.

Comments on the part of press and public on the negotiations continue to be very bitter. Senor Tomas Michelena, one of the Republic's greatest jurists, who was Venezuela's Minister at the Court of St. James when Venezuela broke off diplomatic relations with Great Britain on account of the boundary question, published a letter this morning which has created a sensation.

It is an open secret that the intense feeling which it has engendered was the cause of Minister Andrade's departure being so abruptly stopped. The President and Cabinet had hoped that their formal acceptance of the treaty, subject, as the Constitution provides, to its ratification by Congress, would allay the public's hostility to the document, but to-day's developments have alarmed them.

The Whole Treaty to Be Diplomatically "Tabled."

Neither Crespo nor the members of his official family are willing to try any longer to stem the apparently irresistible tide, and it is confidently asserted that when Andrade leaves for Washington he will bear nothing more than a diplomatic note to Cleveland saying that the treaty will be duly laid before Congress when it reassembles next February in regular session.

Michelena, in his letter published this morning, discusses the protocol in all its bearings from the standpoint of a jurist, and ends by dismissing it as absolutely worthless.

He says, first, that the adoption of the protocol would invest the United States with the protectorate over this and the other republics of South America, and this move he thinks would be most dangerous.

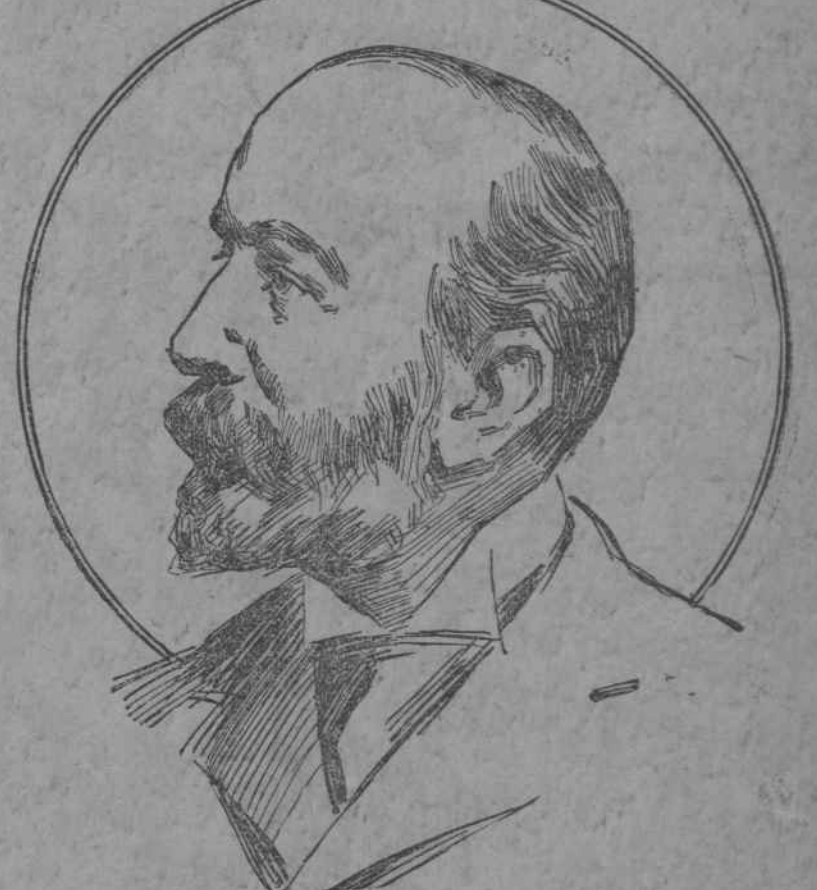
Michelena Warns Venezuela Against English Trickery.

Next he regards the clause which states that fifty years' occupation shall make good title as "outrageously inimical to Venezuela's interest" and as "wholly in favor of England."

So vehemently does he denounce this clause that, basing his opinion of the whole on it, he declares that the treaty is "an English trick."

"Better lose the territory by force," are Senor Michelena's words, "than acquiesce in the arbitration of the question under the terms of this treaty. We may regain it if we have to go to war over it. It is lost to us forever if we accept this protocol."

Senor Michelena adds that arbitration must be unconditional, and that, above all, Venezuela must be represented on the tribunal.



Jose Andrade, Venezuela's Minister to the United States.

MARIA BARBERI AT HOME AND FREE.

Jury Decides That the Girl Acted in a Fit of Emotional In- sanity.

She Kisses Lawyer Friend and Her Mother, and Shakes the Hands of the Twelve Men Who Gave Her Liberty.

One Last Visit to the Tombs to See Her Canary---Cries Her Thanks Over the Telephone to the Countess Brazza---Strange Childishness in Freedom.

By Julian Hawthorne.

The skeleton of Donluco Cataldo, which has lain all these months grinning in the grave in expectation of being joined there by the girl he ruined, will have to content himself with an indefinite solitude. The jury left their box soon after 5, and were absent about half an hour. Then there was a rumor and a bustle: some said the jury wanted advice upon a point of law; at all events, back they came to their places. Naturally, we scrutinized their faces.

"They have agreed," said some one. "I must be manslaughter in the first," remarked another. "This was the verdict which Mr. McIntyre had told me he expected, though he added, 'but they may acquit' these were two or three of their expressions while House was speaking this morning." House himself had said, before court opened at 10 o'clock, that he expected them to acquit within half an hour. "If they don't let her go free," said he, "I shall consider myself lucky." But the general anticipation of the court officers and habitués was for manslaughter; and the Judge's charge, which was a masterpiece of impartiality, had pointed that way.

The clerk made them answer to their names. Their faces showed traces of deep feeling; was it caused by pity or by joy? Who could tell? The foreman told.

"What is your verdict, guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," said the kindly German, with a smile on his lips and tears in his eyes.

"Thank God!" exclaimed a woman's voice, with all her tender, faithful heart in it.

It was not Maria's voice, but Mrs. Foster's. The part which this woman has played in the trial can never be written. But it was worth while that the trial should occur, if only to let the world know that such a woman exists. All this terrible day she has sat close to Maria, with the girl's hand in hers, and pressed against her heart. She has been murmuring encouragement to her, and looking anxiously at her face, in dread of a collapse. But in truth, I believe that Mrs. Foster has suffered far more than Maria throughout. It has seemed as if the latter had, as it were, delegated to her friend the chief part of the agony she might be supposed to feel. No more sensitive or sympathetic temperament than Mrs. Foster's could be found; and sympathy with another's sufferings when that other is such as Maria—transcends any possibility of pain that the Italian herself could feel. An old maid of death Maria no doubt experienced; but she is a creature only partially created—only imperfectly human. The two women, therefore, presented a strange combination. The one, a crime. The other, endurance, hardly all the consequences. A psychologist with leisure at his disposal could write an interesting analysis here. But I am con-

cerned only to tell what happened last evening. When the verdict reached her there was an instant outbreak of relieved suspense and of applause; and a moment passed before Maria's heavy countenance lighted up with a smile. She was standing between Mr. Friend on her right and Mrs. Foster on her left, her hands in theirs. Mr. Friend kept shaking the hand he held, perhaps not quite knowing what he was about, though he is not an epileptic—but Mrs. Foster held the girl again and again and pressed herself against her. Then came many persons around the little group, the newspaper men, the friends, strangers, any one and almost every one.

Maria held a levee. "She was the same dull, slow creature all through, only now one could see that she was pained. She was free; she was not going to be killed; she could go where she liked and do what she chose. And the verdict was evidently a popular one, however unexpected. It is near Christmas, and we are glad to escape the shadow of an execution across our Christmas cheer—the execution of a woman. We are content to stretch a point of strict justice, if that be involved. Maria will do no harm in the world; she has had about as much punishment as she could be expected to meet by; she has had education both in that punishment and indefinitely more in the loving kindness of her friends. It is hard to see how any one can be the worse for her acquittal. Even the District Attorney himself, though he was bound to appear and what judgment at the verdict, seemed to me to have a substratum of goodness underneath his official discontent. He had done the whole duty, and had done it magnificently, and nothing can deprive him of that satisfaction. But beyond this his responsibility to the jury and the people ceases, and being a tender-hearted gentleman as well as a prosecuting lawyer, why should he not, too, rejoice that a human life was to be given another chance in the world?"

It was the general feeling that Judge Gilchrist delivered an exceptionally able and considerate charge; it was as if Justice itself were speaking through his lips, but Justice with a kindly tone in her even voice. Of Mr. McIntyre's address I shall not be able to say much; it was a masterpiece, and that means much in circumstances so difficult and painful as were these. For my part I began to think, before he got through, that Maria would be very lucky if she got off with her bare life; and yet, as the point was he crushed or unfair. But his eloquence and intellectual penetration were terrible to those who hoped that a tragic issue would be averted.

Mr. House was not in court when the verdict was delivered. He had thrown himself, body, heart and soul, into the speech for the defence in the forenoon, and I think no one could have stated the case more ably, more bravely, and more effectively. He lacks the eloquence of Mr. McIntyre, but his belief in and devotion to his cause

SPAIN STILL MAD WITH JOY.

Celebration Over Maceo's Supposed Death Con- tinues.

People Believe That the War Will Speedily Be Ended.

Intelligent Spaniards Think the Cubans Will Fight All the More Desperately.

CANOVAS'S VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

He Claims That the Face of Affairs in Cuba
Is Entirely Changed—Proposition
to Send Castelar to
Washington.

By Don Fernando Rodriguez.

Madrid, Dec. 10.—There is as yet no cessation of the delirious joy at Maceo's death, which is the universal subject of conversation and congratulation. Extraordinary scenes are witnessed in the streets, and rejoicings on a large scale, despite the attempted suppression by the Government, are taking place all over the country.

People attribute the death to the prowess of Spanish arms, but the war correspondent of the Imparcial in Cuba telegraphs it was due to Providence—in other words, sheer luck—since in trying to recover the bodies the column lost more men than in the first attack.

Cannot Find Maceo's Body.
He adds it is still not known where Maceo is buried, but it is believed near San Pedro. It is noteworthy that he does not take the same rosy view of the chances of immediately finishing the war.

I spoke to-night with an intelligent Spaniard who holds the same opinion. He considers that the insurgents, who loved Maceo, will now fight more desperately than ever before. Still, this is not the opinion of a majority of persons nor of the newspapers.

Canovas will not comment on Cleveland's message (all he sees the official text, but he does not hesitate to affirm that the death of Maceo is absolutely changed the face of the war in Cuba. So think the newspapers. The Cuba asserts that the news of Maceo's death has deprived the message of all importance.

Says the Insurrection Is Dead.
The Epoca says the Cuban insurrection has entered on the last period of its existence.

General Pando says that if he were the Government he would send an Ambassador Extraordinary to Washington without loss of time, and would for this duty choose Castelar, investing him with full power to negotiate regarding Cuba.

The declarations of Senators Mills, Call and Cameron, as also the sympathy with the Cubans felt by the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the Senate, have produced a very bad effect here. Mean time Spain keeps on making war preparations.

More Warships Ordered.
The Government has placed with the Thompsons, of Clydebank, Scotland, orders for two more torpedo boat destroyers similar to the Terror. This raises to six the number of such vessels just constructed or being built for Spain. Each of these new vessels will steam thirty knots an hour.

Havana, Dec. 10.—Dr. Maximo Zertucha, who was formerly General Antonio Maceo's physician, has surrendered to Colonel Tor at San Felipe, and confirms the reports of the Cuban leader's death, which, he says, occurred at 2 p. m., on December 7, in the engagement between the rebels under Maceo and the Spanish troops under Major Cárdenas. Maceo received one bullet, which penetrated his head, breaking his jaw, and passed out at the union of the neck and the shoulder, and was also wounded by another shot, which struck him in the stomach.

SHOT HIS WIFE IN A CROWDED CAR.

Luigi Cappelletto Was Jealous and Fired Three Shots at Her.

Passengers Panic Stricken and Make a Mad Rush for the Street.

One Ball Struck the Woman's Fore- head, Inflicting a Probably Fatal Wound.

WOULD-BE MURDERER ARRESTED.

Surrounded by an Infuriated Mob, That
Would Have Lynched Him but for
the Arrival of the Re-
serves.

A jealous husband executed vengeance on his wife in a second Avenue car last night. In the presence of a score of passengers he fired three shots at her. The doctors at the Flower Hospital are quite certain that she will die. His name is Luigi Cappelletto, and her first name is Francesco.

The woman entered the car somewhere far down town. With "shovel pinned close" around her head she sat next to the stove in the middle of the car, and those who sat opposite her could see little of her beyond a pair of gleaming black eyes.

When the car had lined up to a far as Fifteenth street, a short man with a tawny mustache and an olive skin got into the car and took a vacant seat just opposite the woman with the shawl. The conductor remembered afterward that at sight of this man the woman seemed to shrink into herself, and that she drew the shawl closer, as if to hide her face completely.

Many more people boarded the car, and before long all the seats were occupied, and men and women were standing in the aisle, hanging to the straps. Such were the conditions when the car reached Forty-eighth street, which was where the tragedy occurred.

Shot Without Warning.
Nobody knows exactly how it happened. Or rather, nearly every eye witness has a different version of the shooting to tell. That was because none of them was prepared for it. It is agreed, however, that the man with the tawny mustache arose from his seat without a word of warning, crossed to where the woman was sitting, and pointed a revolver at her. The woman must have jumped up, too, when she saw him coming. Her wound is evidence of that.

It all happened in an instant. The man fired point blank at the woman's face. The bullet entered her forehead, just above the right eye. The car was in an uproar at once. Nothing is quite so electrifying as an irresponsible shot. Men and women tried to reach the street in a single bound, and more than one elbow went through a window.

In the midst of the panic several of the passengers saw the second shot fired. The woman had thrown up her right hand to protect her face, and the bullet took off the fourth finger. Then the man fired again, but the shot merely knocked a seat into the aisle through the window.

The driver had jumped on the brake at the first shot, and the car came to a standstill with a jolt that threw the panic-stricken passengers nearly on their feet. In the confusion the man with the revolver got out with the others and walked away. The woman had fallen back in her seat. In a moment or two, however, a couple of the men who had seen the shooting recovered their wits and started in pursuit of the shooter. They overtook him within a few paces, and took his revolver from his hand. Just then Officer Whelan, of the sanitary squad, came along, and, relieved them of their prisoner.

In the meantime the woman, who was perfectly sensible, but very weak, was helped off the car. Then was formed a little procession in the direction of the First Fifth Street Police Station. Whelan, and a policeman who had joined him, walked first, clutching the prisoner's arms,

and two men followed, supporting the wounded woman.

The shooting had attracted a crowd. Neighboring stores and houses were emptied of their occupants, and before many blocks had been passed there were at least five hundred men and women bringing up the rear. It was a hostile crowd as far as the prisoner was concerned, and Captain Stebbins, who led the party, had to march along opportunely, an attempt would have been made to tear the man from his captors.

The woman was on the verge of collapse from loss of blood when the party arrived at the hospital, and a surgeon from the Flower Hospital who responded to an ambulance call, pronounced her condition so serious that Colonel Hooper was sent for to take her into his own home. She was too weak to say more than the prisoner was her husband, and had shot her. Then she was taken to the hospital, and late last night was reported to be sinking fast. The prisoner gave his name as Luigi Cappelletto, and said he was a fruit dealer living at Tenth Avenue and Fifty-first street.

"Yes, I shot her. It was the first time I had seen her for many months. She deserted me over a year ago, and took away our three children."

Cappelletto said that he was jealous of Frank Badiceo, whose place of business was at Eleventh street and First Avenue. "We were married five years ago near Naples," he said, "and then sent her, two years ago. Badiceo was her sweetheart before we were married, and later he came to New York."

STEAMER'S CREW LOST.

Scores of Men Find Watery Graves with the
Wrecked Steamer—Not a Per-
son Saved.

Bremen, Dec. 10.—The German steamer Saller, Captain Wenner, from Bremen for Buenos Ayres, is lost. The steamer carried a crew of sixty men and all went down. The Saller left Coruna December 7. She was a bark-rigged iron screw steamer of 3,214 gross and 2,229 net tonnage; 551 feet 2 inches long, 39 feet beam and 32 feet deep. She was built in Hull in 1875 and was owned by the North German Lloyd Steamship Company of Bremen.

London, Dec. 10.—Lloyd's agent at Vigo telegraphs that the Saller has been totally lost on the Coruna Corruada Shoals. Not a single person on board the steamer was saved. It is believed in London that the disaster occurred on Tuesday, when a terrible gale, along the European Atlantic coasts, did extensive damage to shipping.

Vigo, Spain, Dec. 10.—It is reported here that the Saller carried a crew numbering seventy-eight persons.

SEES AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

Miss Helen Beers, Blind from Her Birth, Re-
ceives Her Sight by an
Operation.

Bridgeport, Conn., Dec. 10.—Miss Helen Beers, of Newtown, was born blind, fifty years ago, and to-day for the first time in her life she was able to see. Many oculists have said her case was hopeless, but a short time ago she came under the observation of Dr. L. M. Wilson, of Bridgeport, who is on the surgical staff of the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, of New York.

After a careful study of her case he believed that an operation would restore her sight, for he considered it to be a peculiar form of congenital cataract. The operation was performed by Dr. Wilson in the presence of a large number of surgeons at the Bridgeport Hospital. This afternoon the bandages were removed for a few moments, and Miss Beers became wild with joy when she found that she could see perfectly well.

She utterly fails to recognize objects she has handled all her life. She could not tell a bouquet of flowers, and only when she shut her eyes and felt them with her fingers did she know them to be roses. Neither did she know a chair until she put her hands upon it. Whatever she sees she tries to pick up, although it may be seen through a window or be on the opposite side of the room.

Dr. Wilson says it will be very interesting to observe how she will learn to read, for her only knowledge to-day of letters is by the sense of touch.

GRIZZLIES FOND OF GIN

The Pair at Central Park Are in Need
of the Cold Cure Because of a
Convivial German.

Keeper Put Maria discovered yesterday that the two grizzly bears serving life terms in the pit at Central Park, have been made hopeless inebriates by a bilious German. For weeks the convivial gentleman has been in the habit of visiting the menagerie every morning and treating the bears to a "eye-opener" from a black bottle with a long neck. Gin and sugar is the beverage that has brought the thoughtless beasts to the brink of drunkards' graves and made them fit candidates for the gallows.

The man with the gin bottle has named his friends "Peter" and "Jacob," and between them the animals absorb one pint of the liquor daily. The attendants frequently noticed the German treating the so-called terrors of the Rockies. Peter would take the bottle in his paws, swallow a "bottle," and then, at the word of command from the fellow who did the treating, pass the flask over to Jacob.

Before the German appears in the morning the grizzlies are grumpy and sulky, but after their gin cocktails life takes on a more rosy hue.

WHERE'S THE CHAIR?

An Elephant Who Has Killed Four Per-
sons to Be Electrocutated in
Chicago.

Chicago, Dec. 10.—Gypsy, the elephant with a record of having killed four keepers, is to be publicly electrocuted. The animal is well known all over the country, and is considered the most dangerous elephant in captivity. At present Gypsy is in Winter quarters here.

Last Winter Gypsy escaped from her Winter home, and caused great excitement on the West Side by running through the streets, damaging everything with which she came in contact. Before she was captured Frank Scott, her keeper, was slain. Gypsy, the elephant stepping on him and crushing out his life. Since then Gypsy has had a dozen keepers. Yesterday the man who has had charge of Gypsy for a month resigned. The managers of the circus have been unable to fill his place, and so decided to have the famous elephant killed. Arrangements are now being made for the execution by electricity.

HAWAII'S EX-QUEEN HERE

Liliuokalani Arrives in San Francisco from
Honolulu and Immediately Goes
into Hiding.

San Francisco, Dec. 10.—Ex-Queen Liliuokalani, of Hawaii, arrived from Honolulu this morning on the steamer China.

The fact of the ex-Queen's arrival did not leak out until early this afternoon.

Her present whereabouts are unknown.

LADY SCOTT SERIOUSLY ILL.

Defendant in the Russell Case Prostrated.
Kast Will Probably Die.

London, Dec. 10.—Lady Scott is ill with fever and is in a critical condition. The condition of Frederick Kast, co-defendant with Lady Scott, John Cockerton and William Aylott in the action for criminal libel brought against them by Earl Russell, is now regarded as hopeless. He has pneumonia and has suffered a relapse and his physicians say there is no likelihood of his recovery.

WEYLER TURNS BACK.

The Captain-General Again in the Province
of Havana.

Havana, Dec. 10.—Captain-General Weyler, at the head of a column of troops, has arrived in the province of Havana from the province of Pinar del Rio, whither he went some time ago to operate against the rebel forces commanded by Maceo.